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QUANTICLEER

C.H.S.
1924

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1924



J. Shannon



"PEP, OPTIMISM AND THE SPICE OF LIFE"



THE STAFF
of the
CHANTICLEER
present
"The Year Book Number"
to the Students of the
HIGH SCHOOL
and the
Townsmen of Charlevoix

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PUBLISHED IN HONOR OF THE RED AND WHITE



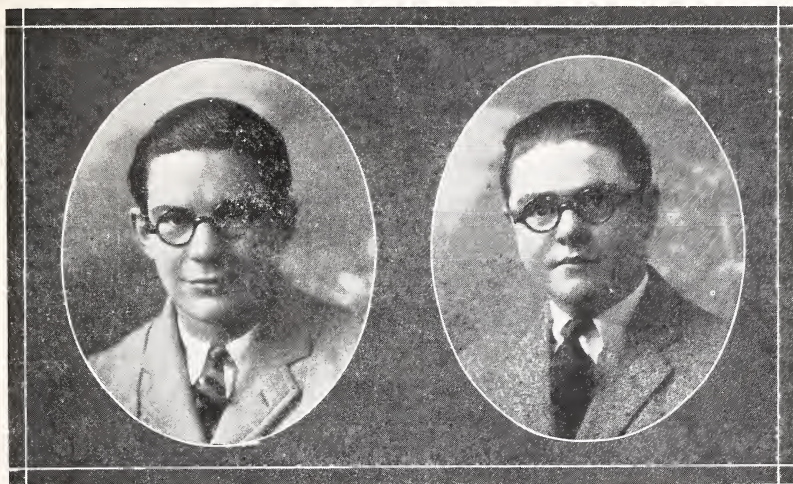
DEDICATION

to

Clarence E. Altenburg

Through whose efforts and wise counsel "The Chanticleer" was instigated. He is the man who has made it possible for the students of C. H. S. to present their monthly journal to the school-spirited during the year of 1923-1924.

"The Chanticleer" first wishes to express its appreciation to the Senior Class for its generous donation in the interest of the Yearbook Number, and, in their behalf, they wish to again thank Mrs. Doris Roe for her hearty and co-operative work as sponsor of their class during the Freshmen, Sophomore and Junior years; Miss Ried, Senior sponsor, and Mr. Hamilton, who has always stood behind them with his whole-hearted support.



ALBERT E. WIDDIFIELD
Editor-in-Chief

AIREL BURR COOPER
Business Manager

THE STAFF

Instigators of Charlevoix High School's first monthly publication of "Pep, Optimism and the Spice of Life"—The Chanticleer, with the earnest hope that the coming students of the Red and White will continue with the good work.

Editor-in-chief ----- Albert E. Widdifield

Editorial Staff

Literary ----- Peggy Krulik
Reporter ----- Freda McMillan
Exchange ----- Ina Geneit
Reporter ----- Henrietta Baldwin
Photographs ----- Marge Brown
Alumni ----- Doris Hammond
Humor ----- Wesley Smith
Social ----- Margaret Fitch

Business Staff

Business Manager ----- Airel Burr Cooper
Advertising ----- Musa Richardson
Circulation ----- Erma Carey
Faculty Adviser ----- Mr. Altenburg



"CHARLEVOIX THE BEAUTIFUL"



CHARLEVOIX HIGH SCHOOL

At the helm—



THE FACULTY

Charles F. Hamilton.....Superintendent

Franklin H. Austin.....Principal

Clarence E. Altenburg,

Catherine D. Rose,

Nina R. Crowley,

La Rue Pennell

Doris J. Roe,

Russell F. Blakeslee,

Etta M. Ried,

Alice Grice,

Cleveland Roe.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

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Mrs. Arthur Bergeon,

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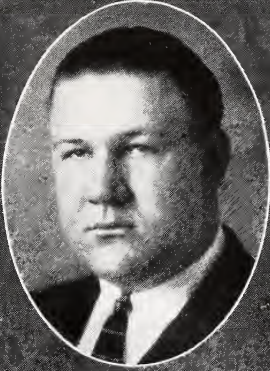


CHARLES F. HAMILTON

Superintendent

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

As characteristic of every student activity of the Red and White the friendly, cooperative influence and support of Mr. Hamilton in behalf of the "Chanticleer" has been realized. The Staff as well as the rest of the school, in appreciation of that spirit, desire to express their gratitude to the grand old master of the house.



FRANKLIN H. AUSTIN

Principal

American History, Physics.

Football Coach.

Michigan State Normal College.



CLARENCE E. ALTENBURG

Science

Basketball Coach.

Chanticleer Adviser.

Western State Normal.



MRS. DORIS J. ROE

Commercial

Adviser "RG Shorthand Club."

Michigan State Normal College.



MRS. CATHERINE D. ROSE

History, French

Michigan State Normal College



RUSSELL F. BLAKESLEE

Mathematics

University of Michigan.



NINA N. CROWLEY

Latin

Adviser "Laeti Latini" Club,
Albion College.



MISS ETTA M. RIED

English

Debate Coach.

Michigan State Normal College



LA RUE PENNELL

Home Economics

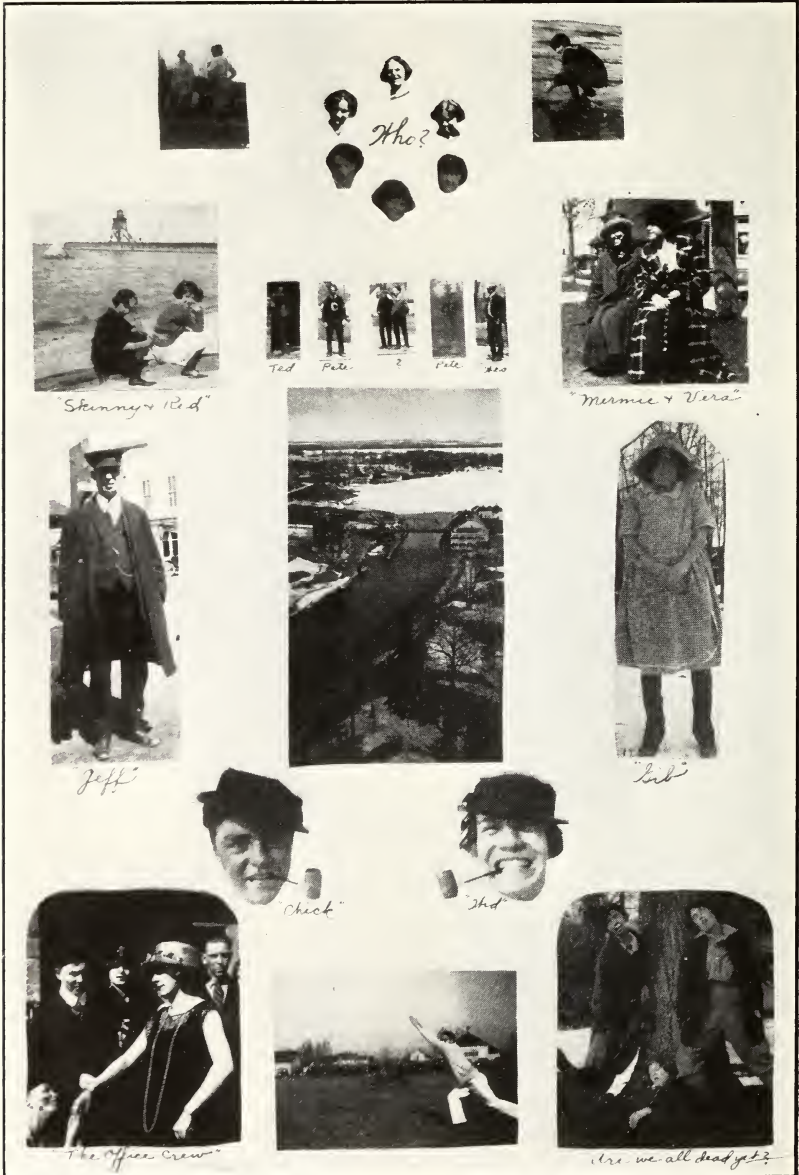
Michigan Agricultural College

Girls' Baseball.



CLEVELAND ROE

Northern State Normal College





Graduates

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1924

Officers

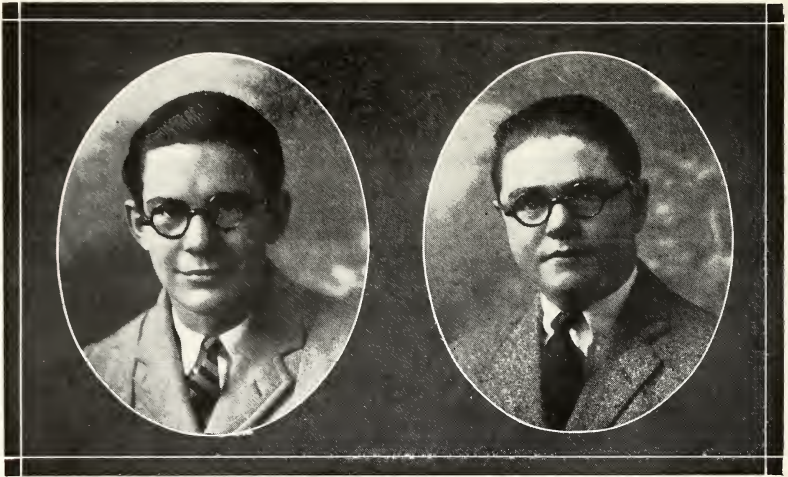
The President.....Albert E. Widdifield
The Vice President.....Lottie Ager
The Treasurer.....Airel Burr Cooper
The Secretary.....Margaret Krulik

Honor Members

The Valedictorian.....Airel Burr Cooper
The Salutatorian.....Margaret H. Krulik

Student Council Representatives

Musa Richardson.....President
Margaret H. Krulik.....Last Semester



ALBERT E. WIDDIFIELD
President

Class President '21, '22, '23, '24
Editor-in-chief "The Chanticleer"
Debate '23, '24
Art Editor "The Harlequin"
Dramatics '23, '24
Cheer Leader '24

AIREL BURR COOPER
Treasurer

Valedictorian
Class Treasurer '21, '22, '23, '24
Track '23, '24
Business Manager "The Chanticleer"
Student Council '23, '24
Dramatics '23, '24

Annals of Ye Senior Class

PROLOGUE

I was dead. I sat in the valley of the shadow. About me lounged the great literarians of the world. Reposing in the cow fodder was Homer, playing his mouth organ; yonder by the cider press Longfellow was making faces at the hired girl; down beside the horse barn Shakespeare was digging grubs; still farther down the lane came Browning with a double-barrelled shot gun over his shoulder, singing "Maggie, Maggie, the Cows Are in the Clover;" and lastly I could just see Shelley and Keats playing tiddle-de-winks out in the orchard, and Hank Longfellow said Jane Austin was in the pantry paring her corns. And as I sat there an inspiration struck me. I gazed upon the mass of crumpled papers at my feet—I had been vainly endeavoring to write the Annals of the Class. No longer would I rack my brain. I would seek the talent of these patriarchs of the pen.



MARGARET H. KRULIK

Secretary

Salutatorian

Vice-President '22

Literary Editor "The Chanticleer"

Student Council '24

Dramatics '24

Glee Club '21, '22

LOTTIE AGER

Vice-President

Dramatics '23, '24

Shorthand Club

I was deader. One by one I had asked them—Homer, Longfellow, Shakespeare, Browning, Shelley, Keats and Jane Austin. All had refused. Why? Ah, that is the point. The job was too stupendous; too colossal for them to attempt!

ANNALS OF THE CLASS

Let us begin this sacred work with those immortal words of Milton—words which have never failed to inspire the thrill of nature in a young heart—

"And now * * * * the last cud has been chaw'd."

—Thomas Milton.

Little can one realize the hidden meaning of this work. Nor can the human mind grasp the knowledge of the stupendousness of such an endeavor as this. The mortal has not developed to that extent. Only a Senior can comprehend. Such a vast field of material lies at my disposal that I am at a loss to know where to begin. Volumes have been written, many people killed, towns demolished and homes wrecked, and never has the human race accomplished the completion



GORDON B. TODD

Football '20, '21, '22, Capt. '23
Basketball '22, '23, Capt. '24
Baseball '21, '22, '23, '24
President "C" Club '23
Dramatics '23, '24
President "C" Club '24

J. C. MARSHALL

Football '21, '22, Capt. '23, '24
Basketball '20, '21, '22, '23
Baseball '21, '22, '23.
"C" Club '24
Dramatics '23, '24

of an authentic account of the history of the Class of 1924. Are you beginning to gain some sort of a conception of the sobriety, the sacredness of these words.

In a sincere endeavor to list the activities of the class during the past four years we have wrecked four Burroughs Adding Machines and still our courage is manifest. It must be accomplished. Grim necessity stares us in the face. Our souls would never lie in bliss if the glory of the Class of '24 was not unleashed to the hungering public.

With retrospective eye we look back ruminatively into the years gone by. Diligently we seek from the portals of our memory those days of Freshman color, those days when our present dearth of intelligence was in the brew. Through four years our souls have worked and simmered in the big brown crock—C. H. S. Slowly the yeast has settled to the bottom, the bubbles have ceased to slip upward to the foaming top, and now we gaze upon the finished product, the culmination of four years of ardent work, the finished brew. Some of us may have slipped up, some may have slipped down, and some, perhaps, haven't gotten into the slide at all. But now the last



ERMA CAREY

Circulation Manager "The Chanticleer"
Dramatics '23, '24
Glee Club '21, '22, '23

VERA J. BELDING

Class Vice-President '23
Debate '24
Dramatics '23, '24
Glee Club '23

banana has been peeled, the last cud has been chaw'd, and we are done with the annals of C. H. S., with the cloistered halls of the Red and White. The brew has worked.

And yet the end is just the beginning. Thus Commencement. To some of us our scholastic duties have but begun. Some will pass on to the higher institutions of learning. And the process—ah, learning cannot hide its formula or build a new one—we simply flip in another yeast cake and work begins anew.

And though some of us are walking the paths that Presidents walk, and though our feet track straight, and though we reach the White House and are ushered in with warm hands and beaming faces, we shall, I know, trace our royal ascension back to the beginning. And what is the beginning? Ah, that is the interesting part. That is what fades the green of those Freshman days.

But, historically speaking, we were indeed fortunate from the first. When we wandered wild eyed and ignominiously lost into High School life, we fell under a guiding hand and into wise counsel. We are speaking of Mrs. Roe—then D. J. Vincent. Ah, those were the days. Under her kind and patient guidance we prospered, and she led us into the paths of righteousness with no bit between our teeth. And there she tied us. And there we stayed. And there we are.



CHARLES SWARTOUT

Football '19, '20, '22, '23
Baseball '20
"C" Club
Dramatics '23, '24

FLORENCE HOLLAND

Glee Club '21, '22
Dramatics '23

And from those days of 1920 our aspirations began to bud. We saw the folly of the upper classmen and we prospered by their childishness. We planned, we plotted, we hoped, we knew, and when our day came the sun shone in the third baseman's eyes and they called off the game on account of rain. The school year was filled with parties and social sprees which have never been equaled in the caliber of their success. Scholastically the class stood above average; cooperation was evident and a bright career lay before us.

And then into the oblivion of the past faded the days of '20. And came the days of '21 with new aspirations and a somewhat older aspect upon the school. Again the class chose the sponsor of Freshman days to guide them, and well she manned the wheel; and the boat sailed the ocean without a puncture. Financially the class was never embarrassed. Executively it was well managed and no discords disturbed the beautiful duet in B flat, by Mozart. And though these first two years were somewhat uneventful, they paved the way for the glories of '22 and '23-'24.

And then with a bang the lively Junior days came steaming in. Plans for the J-Hop originated. Banquets were suggested and hundreds of dollars remained to be raised. Finally members of the class com-



MARGARET FITCH

Social Editor "The Chanticleer"
Dramatics '23, '24
Glee Club '21, '22

ANNE McCANN

Dramatics '23, '24
Glee Club '21, '22

promised and one of the most elaborate social affairs in the history of the school was planned—the Banquet-Hop of '23. Its type had never been attempted before and has not been attempted since. It was a mixture of chow and wrestle. Both intermingled, and a full evening from six to midnight was arranged for at a cost never equalled for a class function. The affair was financed solely by the Class, save for, perhaps, a few personal assists for which we are very grateful. The big Junior play, "The Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date," under the competent management of "Miss Vincent," was staged and a generous sum cleared. The entire class took important parts in the play and it has been duly accredited as the best home talent production witnessed by the present generation in Charlevoix.

And then the hatchet was buried by the Seniors and Juniors and we did our utmost to help the Graduates in their departure. Necessary decorations were ably planned and managed. Courtesy was the keynote of the Juniors of '23.

And now we drop into that filled abyss of '24.—those days which have added so many new laurels to C. H. S. This year above all others has been a banner one for the Red and White. The famous



CELIA HOWE

Dramatics '24
R. G. Shorthand Club
Glee Club '22, '23

WESLEY SMITH

Joke Editor "The Chanticleer"
Track '22, '23
Student Council
Dramatics '23, '24
Glee Club '24
"C" Club

"Chanticleer," with Seniors in all the controlling offices, the booming stage extravaganza, "Nothing But the Truth," and countless other attributes to the best school in the north.

And now, after this last final effort, we are done, and we heave a sigh of relief, push our calloused flat feet deep down into our carpet slippers, grasp up tenaciously the latest Glynn novel and seek amusement and rest after four years of ardent clamouring for knowledge. Some of us are resting to begin again; all of us will go on in life; some in Fords, some in Packards, and some on bicycles. But if it is a Packard or a bicycle, the days in C. H. S. will always remain a warm spot in one's memory

And now the portals are closing. C. H. S. will never mean the same again. The Annals are climaxed. The sayers have said. The wind has blown. The hot air has cooled. Aye, verily, verily, I say unto you, consumption hath boomed from every lung.



MARGERY BROWN

Debate '23, '24
Photograph Editor "The Chanticleer"
Oratory '23, '24
Declamatory '21
Glee Club '21, '22
Dramatics '23

MUSA RICHARDSON

President "Student Council" '24
Advertising Manager—
"The Chanticleer"
Dramatics '23
Secretary-Treasurer—
RG Shorthand Club

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

By Elizabeth Higman

A century has passed. We fly low over the county of Charlevoix and from the tonneau of our monoplane we sight the Brookside cemetery.. We fly lower until even from the height of several hundred feet we see the section set aside for the Class of '24.

We land and inspect the tombstones. And then in deep and melancholic remorse we scan the epitaphs.

—Prelude—

The Seniors lie within their tombs
From sin and worry—far,
Upon the marble of their stones
Engraved is: "Gates Ajar!"

Perhaps the gates they were ajar,
Perhaps were open wide,
But we won't guar'ntee in any way
The motley mobs inside!



RUBY WEBSTER

County Normal '24
Dramatics '23
Normal Dramatics '24
Glee Club '23

CLAIRE H. MYERS

Staff Artist—
Dramatics '23
"The Chanticleer" '24

When comes the day of judgment
And our sins we must confess,
When you hear the longest speech of all,
You'll know you're hearing Wes.

Margery went for a ride one night
In somebody's Ford sedan;
No lights, a corner, a left-hand drive,—
And Marj the journey began.

Claire Myers drew a picture,
He sent it to the press,
Someone saw it, and what happened
Is up to you to guess.

Airel Burr Cooper
an idea
night
a hen-house
a shot in the dark
judgment day
———!!?



GLENN INGALLS

Dramatics '23, '24

EILEEN FAIRCHILD

Dramatics '24

Vera went to the Senior play,
Of Celia she took stock.
Then she said her "Now I lay me"
And straightway died of shock.

We had a dream—and we saw Peg
By Lucifer's conflagration
St. Peter—"What the heck is wrong?
Who sent that delegation?"

Red was an innocent girl,
Nothing but a kid;
But her chances of getting to heaven are slim
When you consider all that she's did.

Every one seemed to like J. C.
'Till one day he acted so giddy;
He broke a blood vessel in a vain attempt
To giggle and laugh like Widdi.

Florence Holland, found dead in bed,
Age: a century and a day;
The report then came out that she worried to death
'Cause she lost her complexion clay.



LOUIS BOURISSAU
Student Music Director

Louis Bourissau, Junior, has very ably and successfully taken charge of the Musical Organization of the Red and White. As a student he has done exceptionally well.

ETTA M. REID
Sponsor

Miss Reid has put forth an earnest and sincere effort to be of benefit to the Class of '24. Her work has been accomplished and the Seniors express their appreciation.

Ruby Webster, of Charlevoix,
Died in Traverse City;
She went to the woods and made friends with a cat,
But it wasn't that kind of a kitty.

'Tis petite Meg Fitch a-lying here,
In life not one reproached her;
We heave a sigh and shed a tear
And wonder just who coached her.

Here lies Eileen, grand opera star,
And deserving of world-wide fame;
But eggs and cabbage for applause
Caused her to die of shame.

Sing a song of six-pence,
Erma's gone on high,
She took a ride in "Paul Revere"
And ended in the sky (?)

Continued on page 35

THE JUNIORS—



OFFICERS OF CLASS OF '25

- President-----Charles Dagwell
Vice-President-----Doris Hammond
Secretary-----Thelma Ranney
Treasurer-----Elizabeth Higman

Student Council Representatives

- First Section-----Leon Solomon
Last Section-----Elizabeth Higman



CLASS ROLL

Verna Block, Louis Bourissau, Dora Chew, Edith Chew, Charles Dagwell, Wilma Fairchild, Ina Geneit, Murray Glasgow, Harold Hallett, Vera Halverson, Doris Hommond, Elizabeth Higman, Harold Ikens, John Jensen, Anna Jones, Harold Jones, Cordelia Kelderhouse, Carlton Oberlyn, Doan Ogden, Thelma Ranney, Milford Saunders, Alice Siminow, Leon Soloman, Lawrence Straw, Ruth Stroud, Arden Ulrich, Lottie Webster, Ada Yettaw.

The Log of the Junior Class

They are like the rooster who thought the
sun had ris'n to hear him crow.

—George Eliot, "Adam Bede"

And the Juniors! Ah, it would be a vile sin to forget them, at least as they see it. Their radiant, confident faces have been an inspiration to the school, a veritable boon. The clashing of their jaws and the incessant wagging of their tongues has furnished a continuous, well, we'll say "entertainment."

And accomplished! Say now, they sure are accomplished little lads and lasses. And they've got the Freshies skinned a thousand ways for cockeiness. Wow! But that isn't so bad. There's always one consoling consolation—they could be worse. Optimism, that's us.

But all hash aside, they've been pretty good sorts this year. They did a lot for the school, and they told us about it. We could dash off volumes on their sheer accomplishments and so on, but we know they would blush. Modesty, they claim that's them.

You can always tell a Junior by his big feet. It's easy. Look at Murray Glasgow, he's a good example. He's captain of the 1925 Basketeers, oh he's some boy, this Murray. And Chuck Dagwell—you know him—the big blonde, slippery eared lad. He's some boy too. President of his class, all-star center on the Basketball squad and crack third baseman with the horse-hiders.

And say, on the quiet, they tell us he's a regular Shiek with cattle too. And Dody Hammond, that dark-complected vamp, and "Tommy" Ranney with that curly wig of hers. And Ina, we can't leave her out. Say, Ina Geneit is going to wield the wicked pen behind the Editor's desk on the Chanticleer next year. Some paper 'twill be no doubt. And Eliz Higman, treasurer of the desperados, she's one of them too. Oh, they're a gay lot, these Juniors. And "Little Lottie" Webster, the Caesar hound, we can't leave her out.

And then there's Jones and "Peter" Hallett sitting back there in that lover's delight seat of theirs, old Pete busting out in that subdued horse-laugh of his every minute or two. And Jones, he's some boy, smashing through the old line for a touchdown whenever he takes a notion. Speaking of songbirds, we've got to mention Leatherlungs Oberlin and Goldenthoat Bourissau, our two choristers. And there's a half gallon more of these prominent young squirts that we ought to inform the world about, but it's such an infinitesimal job that we haven't courage.

I guess Mr. Blakeslee, their sponsor, has a hot job keeping them in the right track. Their ambitions run away with 'em, but we're not

Continued on page 30

THE SOPHOMORES—



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF '26

President.....Freda McMillan
Vice President.....Walter Bergeon
Secretary.....Gilbert Saltonstall
Treasurer.....Mary Lemieur

Student Council Representatives

First Section.....H. Baldwin, L. Belding
Last Section.....Margaret Lennis

Class Roll

Henrietta Baldwin, Walter Bergeon, Lucille Belding, Charles Bellinger, Mary Bronersky, Floyd Brown, Leonard Burns, Orlyn Cunningham, Iris Dodd, Clayton Dutcher, John Dutcher, Mildred Farmer, Dorothy Gill, Anna Gornell, Myrtle Guild, Bessie Hardy, John Kelderhouse, Louise Krulik, Margaret Lennis, Helen McFarland, Freda McMillan, Harold McMulkin, Frances Nowland, Vaughn Odgen, Fanny Powell, Essie Reinhart, Margaret Rutherford, Gilbert Saltonstall, Norman Shanahan, Genevieve Supernaw, Freda Sutton, George Thompson, Kathryn Tumath, Clare Usher, Wilma Wagner, Ellen Yemmans.

The Prowess of the Sophomores

He wends his way to work and toil
And masticates the text-book moil.

—Emerson Wolfe. "Classes"

Well, the Sophomores are quite cocked on themselves. But it isn't really so bad for them. They've got a sort of half-winded reason to be. You see they sort of cleaned up on the Frosh and Juniors in the Inter-class Basketball tilts last winter. Yes, cleaned 'em up slick and clean, one and all, now and forever. They had some team, these Sophs and they deserved the victory. Worked hard for the bacon. And 'twas exciting, that last three-game tete-a-tete between the Juniors and them.

In the first place these Sophomore roughnecks are quite goodly in number. Several gallons of Soph in fact. And they are a learned bunch scholastically and successful in sports. A well-rounded outfit. Some folks call them "Hamilton's Pride." You see, it was the master himself who first took them under his wing away back in Frosh days. And he's steered them through pretty nicely, although, of course, they've always been on their own hook.

Really the Sophs are one of the best looking classes in the school. Best looking from a philosophical as well as symmetrical standpoint. They're well rounded in other words. Always heard from. Always active. And, like most of us, always cock-sure.

And we find them all sizes. Just like a shoe shop. They run from the "Stub" Brown size to the "Cole" Usher fit. Mentally the same. Say, that "Stub" Brown is some boy, isn't he? Everyone in school looks up to him, and he has such high ideals and long aspirations. We find them scattered everywhere from the Latin Club to the Football gridiron. There's "Pete" Burns, recently elected Captain of the 1925 Football squad and last year's Class President. And Freda McMillan, she's one of their main issues too. Well you know she's President of the Soph outfit and then I guess she's one of the high moguls down among the Latin classes, President of the Laeti Latini Club. Oh, she's some Soph a'right. And we can't leave out Walt Bergeon, Vice-President, nor Gib Saltonstall, Secretary. And then there's Henrietta Baldwin and Lucille Belding. They're some chickens too. Guess they uphold the rights and privileges of the Sophs in the Student Council. And Cole Usher, "the worst man I ever knew," says Mr. Hamilton, and "biggest of the gold-bricks." But Cole isn't so bad. He'll be president some day. Dean Davenport is bustin' 'em up too, and Johnny Sharrow with that curly wig of his played a swell hand at Basketball for the Sophs. They say these Sophomore boys are quite the flea's tonsils when they get started.

THE FRESHMEN



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF '27

President.....Keith Wagner
Vice President.....Virginia Parker
Secretary.....Geraldine Halverson
Treasurer.....Peter Scott

Student Council Representatives

First Section.....William Fessenden
Second Section.....Vincent Madison

CLASS ROLL

Roy Ance, Clayton Bacot, Frank Bearss, James Bellinger, Elliott Bird, Doris Black, Wilbur Brown, Ralph Burns, Byron Chew, Iola Chew, Milo Chew, John Clark, Theodore Cooper, Jessie Cork, Oakley Crandall, Clarabel Curtis, Ardean Davenport, Harold Dutcher, Roland Farmer, William Ferris, William Fessenden, Gwendolyn Geneit, Helen Graves, Willis Gregory, William Guild, Geraldine Halverson, Earl Harrington, Isabel Hendrickson, George Higman, Dorothea Hooker, Georgia Kelderhouse, Vincent Madison, Beulah Marshall, Frances Martin, Hubert McCann, Herbert McRoberts, Frances Milner, Norma Moore, Bessie Murphy, Thomas Neilson, Floyd Olney, Audrey Orvis, Virginia Parker, Theodore Powell, Keith Reynolds, Leroy Saunders, Pete Scott, Versil Seymour, John Sharrow, Anna Shearer, Gerald Simpson, Catherine Smith, Chester Smith, Beryl Snider, Doris Stafford, Edward Staffeld, Charles Sterritt, Annis Struthers, Marion Struthers, Edward Swanson, Keith Wagner, Charles Wells, Nora Hebert, Clara Daugherty.

The Fate of the Freshmen

As Innocent as a new-laid egg.

—Henry Longfellow. "Tale of a Wayside Inn."

The Freshmen! What shall we say about them. There's a lot no doubt. In fact, there's so much that we don't know what to begin with. That's one of the troubles with this job. But we'll manage, that's us, cockey, eh?

They're a good crowd these Freshmen. Noisy? Sure. Cockey? I guess so—wouldn't be Frosh if they weren't. And dumb-bells? Well, we hesitate and scratch our head. It wouldn't be fair to say that. Why? Well I guess just because they aren't. Not epitomes of brilliancy, but good heads nevertheless. They've got a whale of a big class. Regular army and well managed too. Always willing to help, and congenial as Seniors. Yes, they've got a bright future ahead of them. Have swung a lot of parties too. Nice ones. Lively, well sponsored, jovial affairs. Just the kind a school ought to have. Oh, they're not so bad, these Frosh.

There's Keith Wagner, the President, Virginia Parker and Geraldine Halverson, the bright light in the Latin Club, and Peter Scott. Say, that Peter is some boy. And Billie Fessenden, say, he's another specimen. Chief chirper in the Council, I guess. Next to Cole Usher he's about the most ravenous, dangerous character in the school. And Gnat Burns, he's another desperado. Believe me you have to keep your eye peeled for these dangerous Freshmen. They're schemers. And say—oh, I guess I won't say it, but you know what it is don't you. Well if you don't, ask Gnat, he knows. He's a regular dictionary, that boy, that is, if you don't want to look up anything.

Say, I'm not letting you in on half of this Frosh intrigue. And "Red" McCann, the Baseball terror, he's an unusual specimen. And dangerous. Say, that boy carries everything from marbles to shot guns. And that night-hawk, Buck Seymour, he's a regular Beau Brummel. Say but he's some bear on a sofa, they tell us. And George Higman, the basketball prospect, keep your eye on him. And Ted Cooper, he's something like Buck so we hear. These boys! And Ted Powell, don't forget him—he's one of 'em too.

THE SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL SQUAD

Inter-class Champions of the High School

John Sharrow, right forward; Harold Dutcher, left forward; Ardean Davenport, center; Cole Usher, "Pete" Burns—Capt., right guard; Harold McMulkin, Walt Bergeon, left guard; Jones, coach; F. H. Austin, manager of series; Mr. Hamilton, sponsor; percentage, 714.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT—

The Student Council



PREAMBLE TO CONSTITUTION

We, the Students of Charlevoix High School, in order to form a more perfect High School, promote the general welfare of the individual student, and establish improvements as it is seen fit they should be established, do ordain and support this Constitution for the Junior and Senior High Schools of Charlevoix, Michigan.—January 8, 1923.

OFFICERS

September to February

President.....Charles Dagwell '25
Vice President.....Airel Burr Cooper '24
Secretary.....Leon Solomon '25

February to May

President.....Musa Richardson '24
Vice President.....Vincent Madison '27
Secretary.....Leon Solomon '25

REPRESENTATIVES

From the Class of '24

First Section.....A. B. Cooper, M. Richardson
Second Section.....Peggy Krulik

From the Class of '25

First Section.....C. Dagwell, L. Solomon
Second Section.....E. Higman

From the Class of '26

First Section-----H. Baldwin, L. Belding
Second Section-----Margaret Lennis

From the Class of '27

First Section-----W. Fessenden, K. Wagner
Second Section-----Vincent Madison

From the Class of '28

First Section-----L. Parmalee, M. Bogart
Second Section-----L. Higman

The 1924 Student Council

This year, the second in the history of the Council, the student officials functioned in a fine manner. Cases of tardiness and low standing were very capably taken care of.

In compliance with the constitution drawn up last year, the new members were elected according to the alternate system, so that at no one time was the Council composed of all new members.

Student Government as here represented has certainly been very successful in Charlevoix High School and we hope that the coming classes will find it desirable to continue with the organization in the same manner as have the classes of '27, '26, '25, '28 and '24.

THE LOG OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

Continued from page 24

saying what that ambition is. That's a little secret between me and the rest of the school, and only the school knows. Mysterious, eh? So we've thought for the last nine months.

And that Basketball squad of theirs. It nearly come giving the Sophs a black kiss on the beezer. But that was once when the Juniors lost a little prestige. But they won the '23 laurels, so they oughtn't to kick.

And say, I 'most forgot, they're planning to swing a whale of a J-Hop, at least according to Chuck. We haven't got the inside dope yet but we think that perhaps if they're very successful it might be nearly as good as last year's. And that's saying a lot, b'lieve me.

Their Basketball squad was made up of: Louis Bourissau, right forward; Milford Saunders, Harold Ikens, left forwards; Arden Ulrich, center and captain; Charles Bellinger, right guard; Doan Ogden, left guard; Blakeslee, coach; Austen, manager of series; series percent-age, 571.

And that is all.



Social Activities

The "Laeti Latini" Club

The "RG" Shorthand Club

The "C" Club

The Orchestra and Glee Club

The Camp Fire Girls

CHARLEVOIX PUBLIC LIBRARY
109 CLINTON STREET
CHARLEVOIX, MI 49720

The "Laeti Latini" Club

Charlevoix High School's Livest Organization



Top row (left to right) Leonard Burns, Charles Dagwell, Carlton Oberlin, John Kelderhouse, Leon Solomon, Oakley Crandall, Harold Ikens, Doan Ogden.

Middle row (left to right) Lottie Webster, Frances Nowland, Geraldine Halverson, Freda McMillan, Genevieve Supernaw, Henrietta Baldwin, Georgia Kelderhouse, Bessie Hardy, Dora Chew, Margaret Rutherford, Jessie Cork, Audrey Orvis, Ellen Yemmans, Iris Dodd, Ruth Stroud, Alice Siminow, Wilma Fairchild, Ada Yettaw, Vera Halverson, Iola Chew, Margaret Lennis, Miss Crowley (Sponsor)

Bottom row (left to right) Glenn Bearss, Clare Usher, Walter Bergeon, Gilbert Saltonstall, Wilbur Brown, Peter Scott, George Thompson, John Clarke, Ardean Davenport, Vaughn Ogden.

LATIN CLUB OFFICERS

President.....Freda McMillan

Vice-President.....Leon Solomon

Secretary.....Frances Nowland

Treasurer.....Margaret Lennis

Miss N. Crowley, Sponsor

AS CAESAR WOULD HAVE DONE

By Freda McMillan, '26.

What would the world do today if Caesar were to come to life? What would we do if he were to step out, take charge of our soldiers, and lead them into battle? Would Caesar himself be unembarrassed? Do you not think that Caesar himself would receive a great surprise?

I say, "what would the world do and what would Caesar do?" Let me leave out these "ifs" and "woulds" and tell you my story.

I was seated, during the world war, in my barracks, writing a letter to my sister. I had not yet finished when an M. P. stuck his head through the door and called, "Sergeant Yatts, report to the captain immediately." I looked up in surprise but he had gone. I put my writing away and started for the captain's quarters. I knocked and was bidden enter. The captain looked grave. "Sergeant Yatts," he said, "guess who is visiting us." I couldn't. Then came the shock. Leaning over close to me he whispered these three insignificant little words, "Caius Julius Caesar," and waited for me to faint, but I didn't. I looked at the captain to see if he were out of his head, but he seemed sane. Upon being assured that Caesar was there, I stuttered, "But—but he died while I was in the seventh grade; I mean I studied he was dead."

"Yes, everyone thought he was, but he's over in the general's quarters now. The general is going to escort him around. You will detail a guard of five men to go with you and accompany and guard them," the captain instructed me.

"Y-y-yes sir," I stammered, and left the room. I selected my squad and reporting to General Calling, found him earnestly trying to explain something to a tall gentleman at his side. "Sergeant Yatts, you will accompany me on my trip of inspection with General Julius Caesar," he finally managed to say. He was, I have no doubt, ill at ease. Julius Caesar also did not seem to be entirely at home.

The general started to say something as we moved on, but Caesar interrupted him with, "Now, my dear sir, to understand is impossible. There is no use in the waste of breath."

The general looked at me despairingly. At this moment an orderly rushed up to him with some hurried report. The general turned to the great Caesar with a word of apology and explanation. His immediate presence was very urgently required elsewhere. He would meet Julius Caesar in thirty minutes at the camp, whither I was to escort him.

Caesar and I walked on in silence for a few moments. I led him through the dug-outs, and all of a sudden he pointed to something in the distance. "What's that?" he asked in wonderment. I followed his gaze. "The trenches," I told him. "Trenches, trenches? Oh! you mean protection ditches, or fossae." He seemed satisfied, but I wasn't. "A protection ditch, a fossa," I muttered, "what's that?" He did not answer but moved farther up in the dug-out.

"Huh, why look! a man's head in that ditch. Say, what is a trench?" he asked, turning to me.

"A trench—a trench, why a-a—" how could I explain? Then I fell back on the Tommies' definition of a trench. "A trench is a ditch full of water, rats, and soldiers. During his visits to France, Tommy uses these ditches as residences. Now and again he sticks his head 'over the

top,' to take a look at the surrounding scenery. If he is lucky, he lives to tell his mates what he saw."

Caesar stared at me. He seemed to have grasped only one word, and he questioned me about that. "What is a Tommy?" I stared. Didn't he know that? Again I fell back on Tommy's definitions. "Tommy Atkins is the name England gives to an English soldier, even if his name is Willie Jones." He looked wise and said nothing more.

We went on toward camp. Walking down the road my companion must have been observing a group of soldiers. Finally he turned to ask, "Why does he keep scratching? What is he doing?"

I looked over and replied, "He's having a cootie hunt."

Caesar gazed at me in mystification; "What's a cootie?"

"A cootie," I answered, "is an unwelcome inhabitant of Tommy's shirt."

It seemed, in front of this great famous man and his questions, that I could think of nothing to answer him other than Tommy's own definitions.

Caesar started to say something but changed his mind and we walked on in silence. Finally I heard a buzzing overhead. I looked up. Caesar did the same.

"My," he exclaimed, "My! what a mammoth bird! What kind is it?" I replied that it was an aeroplane. "An aeroplane! Well, that's a new kind. English bird?" he inquired.

"Oh no!" I told him between chokes; "It's a machine that carries human passengers."

"Real men?" he asked.

"Real men." I answered.

We walked on. I met a comrade. He was singing, "I'm going home! I'm going home!" and I stopped him to inquire "When?"

"Après la," he answered, and passed on.

"What did he mean?" Caesar asked me.

"He left off the Guerre," I told him. "He really just forgot it. Altogether it means, 'After the war;' Tommy's definition of heaven."

Caesar said nothing. He must have arrived at the opinion that I knew everything. Myself, I felt very foolish.

All was silent around camp then. Battery D was preparing for artillery drill. All of a sudden a big gun went off. Caesar jumped. He looked around.

"My," he exclaimed, "that's a loud noise. What is it?"

I told him that Battery D were firing shots, and that was the report of the gun.

"Say," Caesar asked, after this last explanation had seemed to sink into his mind, "what's this grand fight for?"

THE "C" CLUB

"An Organization of C. H. S. Athletes"



OFFICERS

President.....Gordon Todd '24

Football '20, '21, '22, Capt. '23.

Basketball '22, '23, Capt. '24.

Baseball '21, '22, '23, '24.

Vice President.....J. C. Marshall '24.

Football '21, '22, Capt. '23, '24.

Basketball '20, '21, '22, '23.

Baseball '21, '22, '23.

Secretary.....Harold Hallett

Basketball, Football, Baseball.

Treasurer.....Harold Jones

Basketball '20, '21, '22, '23, '24.

Football '21, '22, '23.

Baseball '21, '22, '23.

Track '23.

The Monogram Club of Charlevoix High School, composed of all men who have won "letters" in some phase of Athletics, have taken a vital interest in the welfare of the school. The part they have played has not only been active but also conscientious. Their motives have been outspoken and they have been frank in their views. Their jurisdiction has commanded the respect of the rest of the school and they have used that prestige to a good advantage.

Mr. Altenburg originated the club two years ago but not until this season has it developed into a well founded and competently regulated organization. Their constitution is efficient and thorough and at many times throughout the school year its power has been felt.

—Roll—

Harold Jones, Leonard Burns, Wesley Smith, Arden Ulrich, Harold McMulkin, Gordon Todd, Murray Glasgow, John Jensen, Floyd Brown, Harold Hallett, Charles Dagwell, Peter Bacot, Earle Harrington, Orlyn Cunningham, Airel Cooper, Leon Solomon, J. C. Marshall, Charles Swartout, John Kelderhouse. Faculty Adviser, Clarence E. Altenburg.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Continued from page 22

Here's Celia, my dears, who couldn't agree
With her gallant old Ford, Tillie;
She started in low, but ended on high,
She'll never again be so silly.

He lived a life of peaceful bliss,
'Twas not in Doc to sin,
He died in mortal agony—
From Skinny's rolling pin.

Here lies Albert Widdifield,
Whose bunk you could rely on,
Who handed every girl a line
Until it up and hung one.

Zev—Sleeping was his weakness
And he died of sleeping sickness.

Glenn—Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
Why needst thou such weak witness of thy name?

The "RG" Shorthand Club

"The High School Commercial Organization"

Doris J. Roe—Sponsor

The RG Shorthand Club has taken an active part in the affairs of the school, having benefited a great deal themselves through the commercial influence of this extra-curricular work as well as furnishing the student body with entertaining programs from time to time.

—OFFICERS—

President.....	Thelma Ranney
Vice-President.....	Doris Hammond
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Musa Richardson
House Chairman.....	Lucille Belding
Programme Chairman.....	Lotie Ager

—ACTIVE MEMBERS—

Lucille Belding	Lottie Ager
Myrtle Guild	Doris Hammond
Mary Bronersky	Ruth Stroud
Musa Richardson	Verna Block
Leon Solomon	Thelma Ranney

Celia Howe

AS CAESAR WOULD HAVE DONE

Continued from page 34

"Why," I answered, astonished at his ignorance, "we're going to come it with Big Willie."

"What?" he asked.

"I mean, we're trying to put one over on the Kaiser. You know of course that Big Willie is Tommy's pet name for the Kaiser. The Kaiser is Tommy's personal friend."

Caesar did not so much as say "Aye, yes, or no."

Finally, as we were coming into camp, he turned to me. "Say, what would happen if you disobeyed around here?"

"Oh," I answered, "there's crucifixion, as we call it. Of course, the death penalty. Thousands of minor offenses are treated according to circumstances."

Caesar said nothing. We went back to the general, and I turned my Pandora over to him.

Caesar stayed for three weeks. During that three weeks he had learned all the modern system, and, as the boys called it, the ropes and main pull of that camp, to perfection.

The Germans had during those three weeks been slowly advancing. The question, "What shall we do?" was written plainly in the mind of every Englishman. We had attempted almost everything. This was

the most critical time the army had ever known. Finally in despair the general sought the advice of the once great general, Caesar, and received advice from the as yet great general, Caesar. And this was his advice.

"Long years ago my army was in much this same condition. The Germans under Ariovistus, were rapidly advancing upon my men, much inferior in number and equipment. Finally I decided to send Labienus, my most trusted and able lieutenant, far to the south to make a feint. Labienus hit the Germans with terrible force. The Germans were alarmed. Ariovistus sent nearly all his army down to hold back Labienus, believing we had sent our main force to that point. I then led my army through the small German forces remaining. Having overwhelmed them with no trouble at all, we unexpectedly attacked those fighting Labienus, from the rear, and captured almost the entire army. Now in your case I would advise you to attack with your third corps somewhere to the north, with sufficient force to deceive the Germans; then suddenly throw your remaining troops into the breach here, and win before the Germans find out their mistake."

It was an excellent suggestion, and General Calling decided to act upon it. He sent General Perrina up to Cambrai, hoping the Germans would follow. They did, and we, bursting through their remaining lines, sent them scattering in all directions. Then bringing the two wings of our army together like a vice, we forced them out of that sector.

Shortly after this as I was on guard duty at the General's quarters, General Fanchon, our youngest brigadier, burst out with, "Say, General Caesar, when you first arrived, you knew nothing about modern warfare. Tell me, what was the trouble."

Caesar leaned back and smiled: "Boys," he began, "I guess I nearly drove you crazy with my questions, but you were so different. Your trenches were my protection ditches; your pests were mostly cooties, ours, rats and mud; your punishments are so lenient, ours were so severe; your clothing is more fit; you have these English aeroplane birds." (He looked at me as he said this). "You have the big guns, light and heavy artillery, the chemicals, the gas, the balloons, the submarines, the tanks, the real steam battleships; ours were battleships propelled by oars. Your ideas of officers are different. We judged mostly by rank. Your men are divided into battalions, and corps; ours into legions. Your hand-weapons are so different. You have your guns, bayonets, rifles, bombs; ours were spears, swords, javalins. Even our standards were different, and your method of constructing camp is much more exacting than ours. But listen boys, the underlying principle is all the same."

Orchestra and Glee Club



Top row, left to right: Bud Gill, Leon Solomon, Milford Saunders, John Kelderhouse, Wes Smith, Chas. Swartout, Leonard Burns, Harold Jones, Harold Dutcher.

Middle row: Louis Bourissau, Student Director, Norman Shanahan, Fanny Powell, Chas. Dagwell, Lucille Belding, Carlton Oberlyn, Versil Seymour, Hubert McCann.

Bottom row: Stanley Hammond, Willis Gregory, Gilbert Saltonstall, Ardean Davenport, Clayton Dutcher, Charles Bellingier, LeVerne Heise.

The red and white this year have developed, through the efforts of Louis Bourissau and the Faculty, an appropriate Glee Club and Orchestra. At frequent times throughout the school year the Orchestra has played before the High School. At the dramatic productions they offered their services.

The Quartet also was a very efficient and successful organization. As a whole the musical side of the extra-curricular activities of the school have been very successful. We hope that another year will carry on with the work.

THE INDOOR BASEBALL TEAMS

Mr. Austin introduced into the school curriculum a new sport. Indoor Baseball—played "outside." This year the school was divided into four divisions for physical training work. Teams were organized by each section and keen rivalry arose. The conquerors were feasted by the losers, in a bountiful "feed" on the foothills of Mt. McSaubia.

Ho-De-Os-Seh Camp Fire



Members--Back row: Dorothy Fairchild, Gwendolyn Geneit, (President), Francis Martin, Lila Heise, Geraldyn Halverson, Miss Pennell (Guardian), Virginia Parker, Jessie Allen, Dorothy Withers. Front Row: Georgia Kelderhouse, Anna Shearer, Lucille Usher, Doris Krulik, Marguerite Powers, Irene McCann. Honorary Members; Marian Bartlett Marguerite Powers.

HISTORY OF THE CAMP FIRE

Camp Fire is a band of girls who appreciate the highest value in life and wish to live so that their daily lives may be the application and expression of their ideals.

The initial steps looking to the formation of a national organization for girls were taken by Mrs. Charles H. Farnsworth; the name of the Camp Fire Girls and the ranks were suggested by William Chauncey Langdon.

The work and ideals of Camp Fire Girls had its direct origin in the home, and later in the private camp of Dr. and Mrs. Gulick in Maine. Here, for a number of years, Dr. and Mrs. Gulick, with the desire to meet the needs of their own daughters and their daughters' friends, worked out the beginnings of what was later, with some modifications, accepted as the ritual and form of the Camp Fire Girls. The name of Dr. and Mrs. Gulick's camp was "Wo-he-lo," which has been formed by the first two letters of each of the three words, Work, Health and Love.

During the following winter a manual was prepared, funds secured, and an organization created and offices opened. On March 17, 1912, it was given to the public—hence that is our birthday which we joyfully celebrate when e'er it rolls around.

Camp Fire is wide in its appeal. To some it offers an opportunity for personal and community service, to others the out-of-doors life. Some are attracted mostly to the ritual and ceremonies and symbolism, others by the opportunities for social life. Yet, whatever the phase which most appeals, all girls find through Camp Fire the romance and adventure of the life in the home.

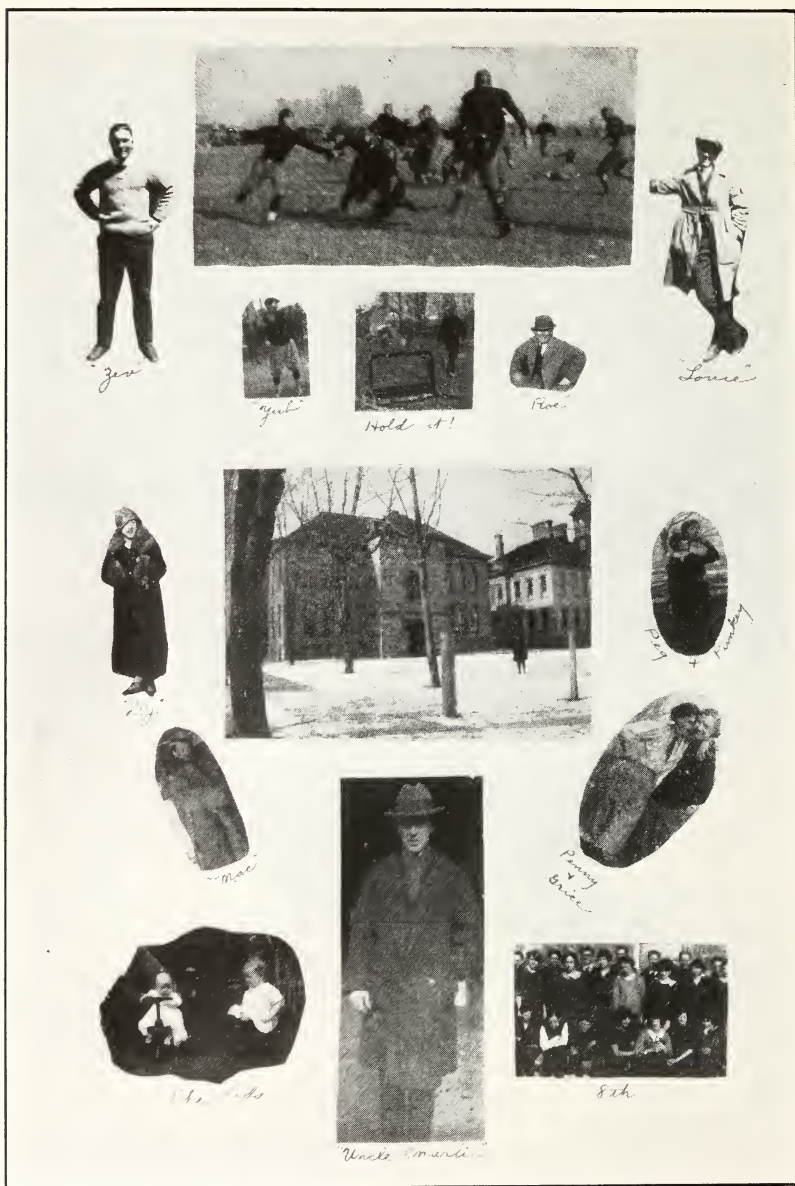
The foundation of Camp Fire is the Home. Fire, the symbol of the home and hearth, appears in the name of the organization. To believe that Camp Fire limits its activities to the out-of-doors and that its members spend their free time sitting about camp fires is as absurd as it is to believe that the Camp Fire Girls are groups of girls playing Indian, merely because their ceremonial costume was suggested by the dress of an Indian girl, or that the Masonic orders do nothing but build walls, or that the Knights of Columbus are busy discovering new worlds.

The tasks of making Home should be kept from becoming drudgery, and THIS, Camp Fire does for its girls. The work of the Home, if it be only washing of dishes or the making of beds, is dignified and made interesting by being made worthy of recognition and praise when it is well done. The awarding of honor beads for doing these tasks well, not only keeps them from becoming humdrum and sordid, but it also clothes them in romance and stimulates new interest in what would otherwise seem dull and uninteresting.

Education from the day of our birth until we become men and women is a long period of forming either good or bad habits and a Camp Fire girl is sure to form good habits if she is true and loyal to her fire and her sister.

DRAMATICS

Dramatic productions have been very popular among the school classes this winter. First came the production of the Senior Dramatic Club, "The Floriste Shop," then that of the RG Shorthand Club, "Saturday Morning." The County Normal offered, at the Palace Theatre, their successful play, "A Southern Cinderella." The Camp Fire Girls developed "The Call of Wo-he-lo," and lastly the season was topped off by the rip-roaring Senior spectacle, "Nothing But the Truth," under the direction of Miss Ried, written by James Montgomery, and very successful all the way around. Through these efforts the Seniors donated one hundred dollars to this publication and retained a generous fund for personal use.



C. H. S. Debate Trio



MARGERY BROWN

First Speaker



VERA J. BELDING

Second Speaker



ALBERT E. WIDDIFIELD

Last Speaker



This year's debating team succeeded in amassing the necessary twelve points enabling them the State Preliminaries. In these elimination contests they survived until the third debate, when they were forced out by Cheboygan by a two and one decision, a team which they had previously in the season defeated.

This Year's Schedule

Charlevoix 1, Harbor Springs 2.
Charlevoix 4, Petoskey 0.
Charlevoix 4, Harbor Springs 0.
Charlevoix 2, Cheboygan 1.

State Preliminaries

Charlevoix 2, Elk Rapids 1.
Charlevoix 1, Cheboygan 2.

The question for debate was, "Resolved, that the adoption of a ship's subsidy would be a wise and desirable policy." In the first two debates the local trio occupied the Negative, the next two the Affirmative, and the last two the Negative. Thus considerable practice in speech, composition and in oratory was gained. Miss Etta Ried was the Debate Coach.

FOOT BALL



Left to right, top row: C. E. Altenburg, Coach, Airl Cooper, John Burns, Harold McMulkin, Louis Bourissau, F. H. Austin, Coach, C. Swartout, Orlyn Cunningham, Leonard Burns, Ted Cooper, Cleveland Roe, Manager.

Second row: Harold Hallett, Harold Jones, Arden Ulrich, Gordon Todd, Captain, Floyd Brown, Pete Bacot, John Jensen, J. C. Marshall.

Bottom row: John Kelderhouse, Murray Glasgow, Earl Herrington, Hubert McCann, Joe Babcock, Wes Smith, Ed. Staffeld.

This year's Football season was certainly a decided success. Charlevoix easily and decisively subdued every team in its class in Northern Michigan.

Coaches: Austin and Altenburg

C. H. S.	6	Harbor Springs	0
C. H. S.	13	Mancelona	0
C. H. S.	9	Boyne City	0
C. H. S.	14	East Jordan	0
C. H. S.	2	Traverse City	0 f.
C. H. S.	6	Petoskey	18
C. H. S.	0	Cheboygan	9

Under the captaincy of "Doc" Gordon Todd, and with the efficient training and point coaching of Mr. Austin and Mr. Altenburg afforded, the team went better than it has for years and left behind it a commendable record. The school showed a rousing enthusiasm for Football and the support the team received was not surpassed by any school in the north. Even at the out-of-town games a mob of young fans always followed up their team and did their share of the rooting.

At the close of the season, Honor Sweaters of a very excellent grade, were presented to the men on the squad at the expense of the business men and the High School.

We feel that Athletics have received a boost this year in Charlevoix and hope that the calibre of the teams the red and white puts out in the future will carry on with the regeneration 1924 has stimulated.

At the Football Banquet, Leonard Burns was elected captain for 1925.

THE JUNIOR HOP, 1924

On May 29, at the termination of the school year, the Class of 1925 will stage, at the Belvedere Casino, the big Spring Party, which has been a custom of the school for the past years. The hall will be uniquely decorated in the colors of the Senior class, black and white, and the famous '24 flower, the dandelion.

The class has engaged an excellent orchestra from one of the south-state centers, and one of the leading social functions of the red and white will be eagerly looked forward to by the Juniors, Seniors and their friends.

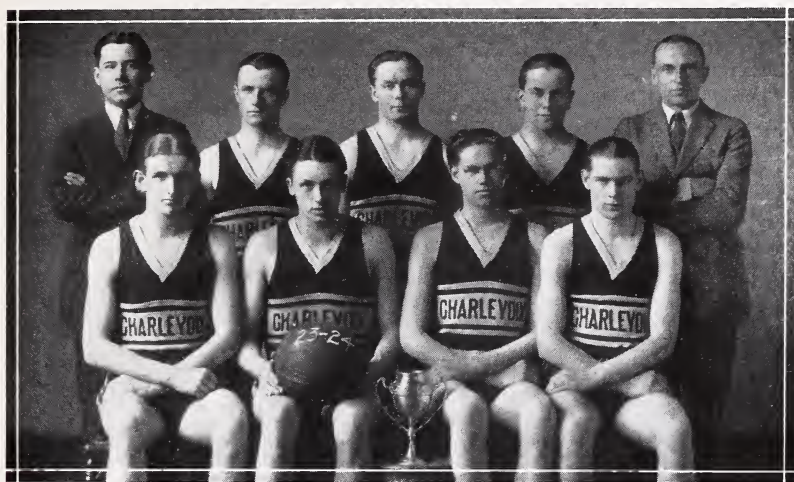
The Summer Home Association has been very generous with the '25ers in donating the use of the Casino.

"Step on 'er, kid," said Sir Walter Raleigh as he gallantly layed down his velvet coat in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to walk on.

HONOR MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

The Faculty of the High School presented the Valedictorian and Salutatorian honors to Airel Burr Cooper and Miss Margaret Krulik. Mr. Cooper stands as a fitting example of the brand of scholastic achievement the Class of '24 has produced. He has taken a very active part in the extra-curricular activities of the school, besides accomplishing a great deal in his studies. Miss Krulik, too, has been a very conscientious, as well as active student.

BASKEṬ BALL—1924



Left to right: Cleveland Roe, Manager, Harold Hallett, Harold Jones, Murray Glasgow, C. E. Altenburg, Coach.

Second row: Charles Dagwell, Gordon Todd, Captain, Floyd Brown, Clayton Bacot



The red and white put out a team this year which was on a par with any in the north. Although it may have lacked consistency, we can say that it did remarkably well under the inefficient conditions. Its basket-shooting ability and well-drilled floor plays "got the goats" of many north-state teams.

The squad this year won twelve and lost six.

THE SERIES OF 1924

Charlevoix developed under the tutelage of Coach Altenburg, one of the fastest and best-scienced basketball outfits that ever wore the red and white. Though the season was not all victories, some very commendable conquests were notched on the handle of the gun.

There was that never-to-be-forgotten North Country clean-up in which the locals won three consecutive battles with one of the most invincible trios in the state.

The season opened big. Perhaps a little too big. The abundance of material that offered itself was molded into a well-rounded quintet with lots of reserve power. Floor plays were developed, and the speed of the team dazzled many old hands at the game. During the middle of the season a few disasters entered in which altered the hoped for wide-door season. Then at the tournament, fate played its little joke and swung in defeat when victory seemed within our grasp.

Dec. 21	C. H. S.	15	Alumni	9
Dec. 14	C. H. S.	41	Boyne Falls	10
Jan. 10	C. H. S.	20	Newberry	17
Jan. 11	C. H. S.	14	"Soo"	12
Jan. 12	C. H. S.	15	Fort Brady	13
Jan. 18	C. H. S.	28	East Jordan	4
Jan. 30	C. H. S.	18	Traverse City	32
Feb. 1	C. H. S.	24	Elk Rapids	10
Feb. 8	C. H. S.	8	Traverse City	9
Feb. 15	C. H. S.	13	Petoskey	17
Feb. 27	C. H. S.	28	Pellston	12
Mar. 7	C. H. S.	12	Harbor Springs	27
Mar. 14	C. H. S.	21	Harbor Springs	5
Mar. 5	C. H. S.	10	Petoskey	19
Mar. 21	C. H. S.	20	East Jordan	6

At District Tournament

C. H. S.	11	Gaylord	9
C. H. S.	23	Alba	10
C. H. S.	13	Rogers City	19

Thus the season ended. Although it was not all victories there were enough of them to rouse that spirit and peptimism which is so admired in a student body. The school backed up their team and at all times were with the boys encouraging them on.

BASE BALL—1924



Left to right, top row: Supt. C. F. Hamilton, Coach, Louis Bourissau, Leonard Burns, Cleveland Roe, Manager.

Middle row: Clayton Bacot, Gordon Todd, Charles Dagwell, Captain Cunningham.

Bottom row: John Jensen, Harold Hallett, Hubert McCann, Thomas Nielson.

THE BASEBALL SEASON

Charlevoix, under the coaching of Mr. Hamilton, produced undoubtedly the best Baseball nine that ever wore the red and white. Of course we must mention the abundance of material that crawled into the limelight at the sound of the master's call. The team was well-rounded, with an exceptional high school pitching ability and equally good fielding talent.

At the time we go to press the last games have not been played off, however we feel confident that, as the hardest have been battled, the last ones will follow in the same track.

Charlevoix 13	Central Lake 12 there
Charlevoix 14	East Jordan 5 here
Charlevoix 10	Central Lake 12 here
Charlevoix 14	Boyne City 2 there

New uniforms were purchased for the team this year by the Athletic Association. Mr. Roe has ably managed the team and very desirable games were scheduled.

Charlevoix High School Politics Spring Elections

BOYS

Most Popular	Albert E. Widdifield
Handsomest	Gordon B. Todd
Most Studious	Airel Burr Cooper
Biggest Bluff	Albert E. Widdifield
Laziest	Norman Shanahan
Most Bashful	William Gov. Ferris
Best Athlete	Gordon B. Todd
Worst Line 'o Bunk	Albert E. Widdifield
Biggest Liar	Norman Shanahan
Biggest Hayseed	Thomas Neilson

GIRLS

Most Popular	Peggy Krulik
Prettiest	Margaret Fitch
Most Studious	Peggy Krulik
Biggest Bluff	Anne McCann
Most Bashful	Tie: Lottie Ager, Vera Belding
Biggest Flapper	Margery Brown
Worst Line 'o Bunk	Anne McCann
Biggest Liar	Anne McCann
Worst Giggler	Doris Hammond

In the Senior Class

Most Popular Boy	Albert E. Widdifield
Most Popular Girl	Peggy Krulik

In the Junior Class

Most Popular Boy	Charles Dagwell
Most Popular Girl	Tie: Thelma Ranney, Doris Hammond

In the Sophomore Class

Most Popular Boy	Gilbert Saltonstall
Most Popular Girl	Henrietta Baldwin

In the Freshman Class

Most Popular Boy	William Fessenden
Most Popular Girl	Tie: Virginia Parker, Gwen Geneit

In the Junior High

Most Popular Boy	Lyle Beaudoin
Most Popular Girl	Doris Krulik

The Oldest Bank in Charlevoix County

Fortieth Year in Business

1884

SUPER-SAFETY
Insured
BANK CHECKS

1924

Charlevoix County Bank

Nicholls, Buttars and Bridge, Bankers

The Bank on the Corner

MODERN history contains no case of
a successful man without a Bank
Account.

Charlevoix State Savings Bank

Charlevoix, Mich.

Under State Supervision

ASSETS—\$600,000.00

Team Work Always Wins

BECAUSE

It accomplishes more by working in unison

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Lv. Bay Shore . . 8:07 2:07

Ar. Petoskey . . . 8:30 2:30

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A.M. P.M.

Lv. Petoskey . . . 9:00 3:15

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